

declared him mentally unstable when he tried to climb the drapes. Mike had to settle for a fish.

Sept. 1, 1931, Tokyo, Japan - (to see the new Embassy buildings) The grounds. . . are beautiful, with a rock garden and a darling swimming pool, and a reflecting pool where they are going to put all kinds of gold fishes and water lilies. There are millions of crickets singing in the trees. You know the crickets here sing almost like birds, or whip-poor-wills. The people sell them in tiny little wicker cages where they live for about two months on sugar and water.

When Mother entered college as her twins began high school, she honed her homemaking down to bare bones. Somehow the freezer, refrigerator, and pantry were always full and the dinner cooked. The washing was always done. As far as cleaning, her new battlecry was, "If you think the dust is too thick on the dining room table for your friends to come over, you are welcome to dust it yourself and to use the vacuum, too." We were shocked. But not shocked enough to clean house ourselves. Daddy hired an occasional housecleaner.

1929, Buenos Aires - At least Mother could make a home out of that house. It is really awfully pretty but it certainly looks very far from what it did when Arthur and I used to come and visit for the summer in Ware. And then she wonders why I go so far away from home. Well, I never had a home, a place where I wasn't ashamed to bring my friends for fear that it might be all messed up or anyhow Mother would always be yelling at us not to throw things around or make any noise or to go home early. What a life!

Mother was clean in her person and often smelled of lavender. As a high school student I recall afternoons she sat in the bathtub, frothy water up to her waist, swishing numerous pairs of hosiery about like watersogged ribbons of beige, as she listened to her French records from the next room.

July 6, 1929, Buenos Aires - So Albania has a daughter, well some class to her. They say her husband is awfully nice. I guess I'd be just out of luck if any one ever fell for me because he'd just get the scare of his life if I brought him home and he saw Arthur with his bowl of coffee and everything on the kitchen table that was there last year and all the bathrobes and nightgowns hanging on